

MEMENTO MORI.

A N

# E L E G Y

On the Death of

## Sir EDMUND SAUNDERS,

Late Lord Chief Justice of *ENGLAND*;  
*Who Dyed on the 19th. of this Instant June, 1683.*

**H**ow vain are all the hopes on which we build?  
 What're we sowing, 'tis Death still reaps the field:  
 'Tis by this Tenure Mortals hold their Breath,  
 To give it up when e're 'tis call'd by Death:  
 Our Life is only lent us upon trust,  
 Whether we will or not, we must be just:  
 Heaven has to all appointed soon or late,  
 To undergo the power of cruel Fate:  
 But hark! what sound is't strikes my trembling ear?  
*Saunders* is Dead! good Heaven! what is't I hear?  
 Is *Saunders* Dead, that Noble Worthy Man?  
 His Life is done before it scarce began:  
 He was but shown unto the wondring world,  
 When lo into the silent Grave he's hurl'd.  
 Lament, lament, a Learned Judge is gone,  
 The Laws bright Star, that so Divinely shone,  
 To steer the wandring Course of those fond Men,  
 Who thought all Law and Reason dwelt with them.  
 But soon as our Chief Justice was espy'd,  
 Their Shifts and Fallacies all sunk and dy'd,  
 Like Mists that rise before the Morning Sun,  
 But vanish all e're half his Race is run:  
*Saunders* in time, though short, has liv'd, yet more  
 Than thousands Older, that have been before.  
 Some Men need try but part of their true strength,  
 To lay their Foes before them at their length;  
 Whilst others strive with heavy weight in vain,  
 And came Ignobly off with blushing shame:  
 But *Saunders* was by Destiny design'd,  
 To be the Joy and Honour of Mankind:  
 A General Good was his Unerring aim,  
 'Tis that alone which gives Immortal Fame.  
 He did with Prudence first himself advise,  
 And then he taught the Nation to be wise:  
 When he had gain'd the Mastery of the Law,  
 For Publique Good he did his Forces draw:  
 To serve his Country was his highest care,  
 For which great end he did so Nobly dare,  
 His Soul not capable of unjust fear.

When in a lower Sphear, how did he move,  
 And gave clear signs what he wou'd higher prove;  
 Great force of Nature in his parts was seen,  
 Which yet, Refin'd by *Art*, more glorious shine.  
 Hard Labour, Industry, and sweating Toyl,  
 Went to compleat this wonder of our *Ile*;  
 He knew, since the first Man was Curs'd, that pain  
 And trouble was the only way to gain  
 True Honour, therefore did his strength imploy,  
 In that which always gives the truest Joy.  
 Kind Providence Rewards industrious Care,  
 But Lazy wishes Heaven will never hear;  
 Let thy Example lead our Young Men on,  
 None knows to what with Study he may come;  
 What soul so stupid, but takes generous Fire,  
 When he but thinks on thee, whom all admire,  
 He feels warm Glory through his Breast inspire  
 His drousic Faculties, and straight does find,  
 Ambition to be like thee, seize his mind:  
 We never can the vastness of our Loss express,  
 Nor in fit Language our sad sorrows dress.  
 All we can say on this great Theam, appears,  
 To be but overflowing of our Tears.  
 Oh that kind Heaven wou'd shew some better vway,  
 How to his Ashes we might Tribute pay.  
 We're all oblig'd to vweep and mourn for him,  
 Who for us all laid out his care and time;  
 May he that shall succeed make up our grief,  
 By his great worth vve may receive Relief,  
 And Comfort to our vvoes, vvhich svvell so high,  
 They seem almost from Earth to reach the Sky.

### His Epitaph.

**H**ere lieth *Saunders* sacred Dust,  
 While living, was the Nations Trust;  
 Reflect O Reader! on thy state,  
 Consider thou must stoop to Fate;  
 However Brave thou art, and Great,  
 The silent Grave does for thee wait,  
 And nothing can stave Death Inreat.

Licensed and Entred according to Order:

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